THE LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 38.—Vol. II. Saturday, September 20, 1845. Price 1*d.* or, Stamped, 2*d.*

ST MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XII.

"Come self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above."

The Christian Year.

The greater part of the Lanheln property had been plundered from the monks of St. Mary's abbey by that wholesale robber Henry 8th. They were given to the then lord of the manor, (a profligate courtier who patronised "the new religion,") and by him were lost, together with his own estate at dice. The new owner got into some political trouble and died in prison, and the lands were given to another family. In the reign of Elizabeth, the owner of Lanheln fell under the displeasure of the queen, was fined exhorbitantly, and died broken-hearted, leaving no heir. The female tyrant gave Lanheln to another courtier, who also died without an heir, and the estate again changed hands. During the civil wars, every member of the new family was cut off, and at the restoration Lanheln was bestowed on an ancestor of Mr. Trevelyan. The heirs did not fail in this family, but misfortune followed it notwithstanding. Two sons perished at Ledgemoor, a third was hung as a traitor. The only one that had remained loyal, fled with king James and died in exile, whilst his nephew took possession of the estate. In later generations, the family had been remarkable for the many violent deaths which occurred in it. Those who think this an exaggerated picture, may consult the interesting work of the Protestant antiquary, Sir Henry Spellman, on sacrilege, and examine a few county histories, and they will soon find that the case we have put is an ordinary one. These facts had made a strong impression on Mr. Trevelyan's mind, and had been, in fact, the first means of leading him to reflect upon the principles of the Reformation, and the characters of the Reformers. Latterly, he had felt the possession of these fatal lands a heavy burden; and when he resolved to abjure Protestantism, he resolved also to devote the greater part of his income to religious purposes.

The fourth day after Mr. Raymond's arrival at Lanheln, the two gentlemen were walking up and down the great avenue in conversation. In this place was a tall tree of great age, which Mr. Trevelyan had resolved to have cut down soon, thinking it did not look quite safe. The wind had been blowing furiously all night, and was still high; but Mr. Trevelyan forgot the tree. In the midst of their conversation he remembered that he had appointed that hour for seeing a tenant, and he hurried away, telling Mr. Raymond he should be back again in five minutes. He had got hardly a dozen yards from the avenue, when the tree fell like lightning on Mr. Raymond. He was frightfully injured, and expired soon after he was carried into the house. It so happened that a priest had come that morning to pay Mr. Trevelyan a visit, and he gave the dying man the last rites of the Church. Mr. Raymond's sudden death made so deep an impression on Mr. Trevelyan, that he resolved to embrace the religious state. He soon found, however, that such a course cannot be adopted *hastily*, and that he must have patience. He began to consider too, that it was not expedient to give up Lanheln at that moment to his half brother, as he seemed called upon to found a mission on his estate. There were two or three Irish families in the neighbourhood belonging to the coast guard, who were unable to hear mass above two or three times a-year, there being no chapel within many miles. Mr. Trevelyan determined, therefore, to devote the next two or three years at least, to alms-deeds and prayer, in order to be directed with more certainty in the matter of the vocation he hoped had been granted to him.

Mrs. Raymond received kind and pressing invitations from many quarters, but she refused all; and on leaving Wilbury Court went direct to a convent, in which she had taken apartments. Ethel accompanied her, and we are about to bring the two friends once more before the reader at the beginning of the new year, sitting together at work in a room, which looked out upon the convent garden. They had been working some time in silence, when Ethel said, "I have been thinking of the striking contrast between the middle ages and the nineteenth century, with regard to building, forming associations, and so forth. What an immense deal of money there must be in the country, and what a mania for building and undertaking schemes of one kind and another! How rapidly a

public building, a railway, a society, is got up now! What a wonderful amount of business commercial men contrive to get through. Only see how shops and houses seem to spring up in every direction like mushrooms—no sooner is a scheme thought of than it is executed forthwith. And it is the same with the various associations the present day abounds with. People combine eagerly for politics, science, literature, art, and all sorts of things. What persevering energy they show in schemes of all kinds! Frequent failures are no discouragement. And at what a rapid rate they get through everything! How quickly they combine all their forces —spare no exertion or inconvenience, and speedily overcome every obstacle. But when it comes to doing anything for religion, how different it is with the mass of even well-meaning people. Now in the middle ages, it was just the reverse; commerce went on slowly, but when there was any question of building for the glory of Almighty God, then we see what the people of the '*dark* ages' could do when they had an object worthy of the energies of Christians." "Yes," Mrs. Raymond replied, "one sees in the ages of faith the same spirit that animated the chosen people in building the Tabernacle and the Temple. How beautiful is the unity, the oneness, the unchangeableness of the Church!" Again there was a pause, a second time broken by Ethel. "Oh! how I wish we could do now as they did in the old times!" said she. "Only think of Agnellus and his eight companions establishing Franciscan convents all over the kingdom in a few years from the time of their first arrival in England. You remember Agnellus founding the first house at Canterbury, whilst he despatched four of his friars to London and Oxford to found a convent in each place. And of these four, two were laymen, and one only in minor orders, being an acolyte. And they set off without money on foot, and with forests and marshes before them. Yet they got through all they were sent to do, and founded a house at Northampton into the bargain in a very short time." "Yes, but remember that was in the ages of faith," said Mrs Raymond; "faith can remove mountains. But our Lord himself did not many mighty works in his own country, 'because of their unbelief.' How can we expect miracles in this unhappy land?" "Do you call such things miracles?" said Ethel. "Well, I suppose many of the foundations were miraculous. St. Bonaventure says, that when St. Francis called the second general chapter of his order to meet at a little church near Assiso, (which the Benedictines had given him), five thousand friars assembled, and remained in the fields for several days and nights, and were fed by an unexpected concourse of people from all the country round, coming of their own accord, with provisions enough to support the whole multitude, which St. Bonaventure calls being fed miraculously. And certainly it must have been a special interposition of Divine Providence." "And have you forgotten our own St. Stephen Harding," said Mrs. Raymond, "sending the monk to Vezelay to buy waggons, and horses, and provisions, with only three-pence to pay for it all; and the obedient brother setting off lost in astonishment, but returning with all he had been told to get?" "Well, I think the founding of —— in our own times is very wonderful," said Ethel; "the storm forcing the fugitive sisterhood to land in England against their will, with only one sous in the common purse, Mrs. —— being on the spot, and interesting herself in them, and obtaining for them royal protection. I suppose it is a difficult thing to define the difference between providential care, and actual miracles." "I dare say it is," replied Mrs. Raymond; "but we need not waste time in such speculations. Ethel, I have not heard you say a word about your vocation for a very long time. I have been on the point of asking you whether you had changed your mind more than once." "I have thought of little else ever since I have been here," Ethel replied, "but I cannot see my way. Mr. —— hopes I shall get more light after the retreat." "But do you mean that you are beginning to doubt whether you have a vocation?" "Oh no!" replied Ethel, "I feel sure I shall never be safe, or happy, till I am a nun." "And do you still wish to be a Benedictine?" asked Mrs. Raymond. "I can hardly tell," replied Ethel; "I have begun lately to think that I should never be happy in a mitigated house. I would rather enter a less austere order in which the rule was strictly kept to." "Did you ever think of the order of Mercy?" "Yes, but I don't think I should ever get nerve enough for the hospitals. Besides, I think I require retirement. I admire the active orders more than I do the contemplative; but I do not think I am fit for them. I never could keep straight, unless I was quite shut up." "Depend upon it, Ethel," said Mrs. Raymond, "there is a little world in every convent, and I think you would find a large school for young ladies more full of temptation for you, than visiting as a Sister of Mercy." "That is the very conclusion I have come to lately," replied Ethel; "I admire the holy sisters here, who can mix with so much that must remind them of the world, and yet keep themselves so unspotted. But I should never have strength to do it; I should soon get full of secular thoughts and interests under such circumstances. And then the temptation to making an idol of some particular pupil, so interesting and winning as some girls are. Oh, it would never do for me; I might as well stay in the world, if I allowed my affections and thoughts to wander into it." "Then what order do you incline to now?" asked Mrs. Raymond. "You will laugh when I tell you," said Ethel; "the Trappists." "My dear Ethel, that is a mighty undertaking," said her friend; "you would never have bodily strength for that." "Well, I don't know; Miss —— was very delicate, and has made a very good Trappist. I am so fond of nature; in my most melancholy moods the sight of nature is always a comfort. It is such a wonderful manifestation of the power and love of our most merciful Creator, and I never feel well, unless I am a good deal in the air." "But, Ethel, we must not study our natural tastes and habits, if we desire to lead an austere life. It

would be a very wrong feeling to enter such an order as the Cistercian with a view to enjoyment of any kind." "Not exactly enjoyment," said Ethel; "I merely meant to show that there were some portions of the Cistercian rule which invigorate the frame and spirits so much, that they would enable me to bear all the other austerities. But after all, the chief charm to me of La Trappe is, the silence, and the utter resignation of everything secular, and of every earthly affection. To any one with so untameable a tongue, and such a tendency to make idols as myself, this rule would be the greatest of blessings." "Well, Ethel," said her friend, "I think you might have all you require in the order I incline to myself—the Visitation." "I know nothing of that order," said Ethel, "except that it was founded by St. Francis de Sales, and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and that there is very little corporal austerity in it, but a great deal of mortification of the will. I fancy it something like the Order of Mercy, without the visiting out of the enclosure." "But, my dear, if you take away the going out of doors, you change the whole nature of the Order of Mercy," said Mrs. Raymond. "The religious orders resemble one another as the productions of nature do; very different, yet all having one spirit. Again, some resemble each other in the same way that the pink resembles the carnation, or the pigeon the dove, whilst all belong to one vast family, viz. those who desire to leave all and follow Christ in the way of the cross. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that the *spirit* of the Visitation order closely resembles that of the Cistercian, though the rule is so different outwardly. The most utter renunciation of the will, of the senses, and of the affections, is required by St. Francis de Sales. Also, a complete surrender of every secular and earthly feeling and interest. A nun of the Visitation Order must be as dead to the world as a Carmelite or Cistercian. Believe me, Ethel, you would find enough denial of the will and affections to satisfy you in my patroness's rule." "I will consider the subject," said Ethel; "can you lend me any thing to read about it? It is not an order that takes my fancy, or interests my feelings." "I will lend you a book which will change your view, I hope," replied Mrs. Raymond. "I see how it is, Ethel; those captivating 'Lives of the Saints,' and the writings of St. Teresa have thrown a romance over the Cistercians and Carmelites, which the humble daughters of St. Jane Frances have no claim to. The antiquity alone of the other orders I know must have a great charm for you, nor do I think that a blameable feeling. Still, you must remember that there is no such thing as *time* in the Church. She is like her Divine Head, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. She is always young, and always old, always new, yet always unchangeable. And after all, the recent orders are but modifications of the older ones. It is the peculiarity of Catholicism to suit itself to every age, every climate, every character. If you really do feel called to either of the austerer orders, God forbid that I should seek to persuade you to enter another; but it seems to me at present, that your imagination has been dazzled, and your feelings excited by very fascinating pictures of certain orders, and the saints belonging to them, but that is very different from a true vocation. What does your director think about it?" "He always tells me," replied Ethel, "not to feel sure that I am really called to either of these orders, but to go on praying for guidance." "Well then, Ethel, we shall be seeking the same thing during this retreat," said Mrs. Raymond; "for my intention is, to enter the Visitation Order as soon as I am permitted to do so, and my prayer during the retreat will be for light to know whether my resolution is a right one." "Do you really?" said Ethel. "Ah, my dear cousin, how secret you have been." "I made the resolution before I quitted Wilbury for Lanheln," said Mrs. Raymond, "and my director approves of my choice. My dear husband, as you know, left a considerable sum to be employed by me in religious purposes for the good of his soul. Mr. Trevelyan is anxious to assist in building a convent, and my own fortune is enough to endow one. I wish to have a new foundation, in order that it might be built in some spot where a church is wanted, and then our conventual chapel will be of use to others besides ourselves. The very appearance of a convent in a spot where one has not been seen before, does good; every convert knows that by experience." "Oh yes," said Ethel, "the mere sight of a Catholic, much more a religious house, sometimes has a great influence on Protestants brought up in places where none have come before their eyes. It sets people thinking on subjects that had not crossed their minds before. Even the 'No Popery' cry, the Reformation societies, and the panic respecting the frightful increase of popery, does us good service." "Deo gratias," said Mrs. Raymond. There was a pause. "Of course," resumed Mrs. Raymond, "I submit my wishes and plans to bishop ——; I could not have a wiser or safer guide. But from what I once heard him say, he will have no objection to have a new convent in his district." "But how will you manage to fill the house?" said Ethel. "Oh, leave that to Divine Providence," replied Mrs. Raymond. "I know Mr. —— wishes to get two ladies into a convent, who are very unfortunately circumstanced, and unable to get any house to receive them, being without fortune, unaccomplished, and rather delicate in health. One of them, I may tell you now, is Miss Grey, the lady who prayed so much for you when she saw you shedding tears in St. Peter's, at Workingham." "Is she unaccomplished?" said Ethel; "I should have thought any community where there was a school, would have taken her; she has long been engaged in education." "Miss Grey is a very worthy, pious woman," said Mrs. Raymond, "and solidly educated; but she is near fifty, and is not strong. She has had a vocation all her life, and soon after her conversion, she had an offer to enter a Benedictine house; but she refused it on account of having an aunt who had brought her up, quite dependent upon her, through losing her small fortune by the failure of a bank. This aunt died a few years ago, and Miss Grey has been anxious to get into a con-

vent ever since. But her delicate health is against her. She would do for our order." "I should not be surprised if Clara Merton would be thankful to join you," said Ethel; it was a rash thing her going off to the Poor Clares in that way. I was told that she was advised not to try an austere order, but that she persisted in begging to be allowed to go so earnestly, that her director consented to let her try. Don't you think she seems disappointed and out of spirits, from that letter she sent me?" "Yes, and so does Mr. ——. Poor thing! with her constitution and habits, it seemed impossible that she should stand much austerity. And that trial of feeling she went through with Mr. Sidney, injured her health very much." "Well, my dear cousin, I think you will soon fill your house, if you take in all the unfortunate beings who can't succeed elsewhere. I dare say I shall be obliged to come begging for admission at last, after trying at other quarters in vain." "Well, Ethel, we have been building a fine castle in the air," said Mrs. Raymond. "There is no harm in that, as long as we have every reason to hope that Divine Providence will soon give it a substantial form," replied Ethel. "It is near the quarter," said Mrs. Raymond, "we will go and put the project under the protection of our Blessed Lady. They rose and went to the chapel.

(To be continued.)

MEMORARE;

OR, THE PRAYER OF ST. BERNARD ILLUSTRATED.

Mark Antony Petit was born at Lyons in 1766. His poor mother made the greatest sacrifices in order to educate her son, and he profited by her tender care, and at her desire followed the profession of surgeon, although his own taste would have led him to become a man of letters. At the age of seventeen he obtained the situation of house surgeon in the Hospital of Charity at Lyons, and afterwards the place of principal surgeon in the Hotel-Dieu; but according to the regulation of the administration of the hospital, it was necessary before entering on the duties of this office, that he should spend three years at Paris, and three years additional in the hospital in quality of principal assistant. Unfortunately he found it impossible to make the pecuniary sacrifices which this novitiate required during a three years' absence.

Petit, whose young ambition kindled at the brilliant prospect his talent had opened up to him, a prospect which seemed about to fade for ever from his view, abandoned himself to sorrow because he saw no way of fulfilling the requisite conditions. Where could he find the means of supporting himself during these three years in Paris? This perplexing thought continually haunted his mind. Not that the sorrow of Petit, keen and deep though it was, had any thing like despair in it—Oh! no—he never lost confidence in God; in the midst of his regrets thoughts of hope presented themselves. "The Lord will not abandon the orphan who trusts in Him," he said to himself; and full of this confidence he went before daybreak in the morning, and after the shades of evening had darkened into night, to pray before his God in the Chapel of Our Lady of Fourriers. There, kneeling at the feet of Mary, he exclaimed, "Memorare, Memorare," and placed his future fortunes in the hands of his Heavenly Mother.

In the attitude of the young supplicant, in the expression of his face, in the tears which sometimes stood in his eyes, there was something so touching, that it attracted the attention of a generous Lyonese, who went there to worship his God and visit the Help of Christians. Regularly at the hours of prayer in the Chapel of our Lady he encountered this young unknown, whose piety consoled his heart at an epoch when impiety abounded, and the love of many had waxed cold. Monsieur de Fétan, curious to know who the youth was for whom he felt such an irresistible attraction, followed him one evening at a distance, and next day returning to the house which he had seen him enter, learned from a neighbour his history; and that, illustrious as his early talent had rendered him, he was like to lose his reward for want of a little gold.

Monsieur Fétan was as rich as he was charitable, so the next time Petit went to the Chapel of Our Lady of Fourriers, it was to thank his Mother Mary for sending help to her child.

On returning home that morning from visiting the hospital, he found a basket of cherries on his table addressed to him. Under the cherries lay a box containing a quantity of louis-d'ors, and a paper desiring him to draw on a notary in the town for a pension sufficient for his wants during the next three years. He could not discover the donor of this generous gift. The notary was forbidden to mention names, and his benefactor was made doubly happy by seeing his protegee kneeling by his side in the chapel, pouring out his gratitude at the feet of his Virgin Mother, and praying that she would watch over his unknown friend in life and death.

Petit went to Paris, and afterwards to Montpellier, where he was made Doctor, and at the appointed time he returned to his native city, and exercised his profession as principal surgeon of the Hotel-Dieu, until his death in 1811. During his whole career he never forgot that the delicate charity of a Christian had enabled him to attain fame and fortune, and disinterestedness and benevolence marked his whole life; he never forgot that it was his simple trust in the protection of his divine Mother that had opened the heart of this Christian friend, and he encountered and overcame every difficulty by the magic word "Memorare."

When fortune recompensed his indefatigable exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, he obtained from the notary the name of his hitherto unknown benefactor, to whom he wished to return the money formerly so generously bestowed. But M. de Fétan said, "It is no longer mine; I gave it to insure my fellow townsman the talent that could alleviate their sufferings—continue to succour the sick and the destitute, and the object for which I gave it is fulfilled." Petit frequently insisted on repaying his debt; at length M. de F. said, "Be at least the depository of this sum, and do for others what I have done for you." Petit religiously fulfilled the conditions—another deserving young man was educated, and he in his turn undertook to do the same. Thus the little fund became a sort of perpetual foundation, less pompous, but more useful than many public establishments. Let it never be forgotten that from the heart of Catholic Christianity sprung this source of blessing to thousands, and let Christians in their wants and necessities have recourse to her who never was appealed to in vain—Memorare. M. L.

The blessed mother, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, was another bright pattern of meekness. Though on several occasions she was ill-treated by divers persons, she never showed the least sign of resentment or displeasure; but returned good for evil, praying to God especially for those who injured her, obtaining graces and blessings for them, or recommending them to the notice of the royal family, with whom she possessed great influence; and however gross had been their conduct, the fervour of her charity towards them was never diminished. A certain youth on one occasion was violently enraged against her, because a young lady whom he desired to marry, had embraced the religious state in her Order; upon which he went to the convent, and no sooner beheld the holy mother, than he began to utter the most furious abuse, all which she listened to with great serenity, and with such joy of heart, that, when she left the room, in which the strangers were received, she said to her companion, who had been present all the time, "I never received any praise that was more agreeable to me than what that good youth has just been saying." And then being moved with compassion at the consideration that he was in a state of sin, she added, "Let us pray to our Lord to enlighten him." And her prayers were not without the desired success, for he repented of his fault, and came to beg her pardon: soon after which he himself entered the religious state, becoming a very zealous preacher and a truly good servant of God.

MANUFACTURE OF SHIP-BISCUIT BY MACHINERY.

THERE is very little difference in any part of the world in the method pursued for the manufacture of ship-biscuit, and it is not a little surprising that no attempts had been made for ages to improve and facilitate the manufacture of an article of food, the most essential to the comfort of sailors, previous to the application of machinery to that purpose at the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard at Gosport. Until this establishment appeared, one rude, laborious, unclean, and expensive system prevailed.

It may perhaps be right, in giving a detailed account of the machinery in question, to describe first, as shortly as possible, the process of making biscuit by hand, as previously practised in the same establishment, that a just estimate may be formed of the comparative merits of the two systems.

On the old plan, each oven, to keep it at work, required a gang, consisting of five men, who were called the furner, the mate, the driver, the breakman, and the idleman. The duty of the driver was to make the dough, by mixing the flour and water together in a trough with his naked arms, till, by great labour, a proper consistency was obtained. The dough in its rough state was then removed from the trough, and placed on a wooden platform, called a break, to be worked on by the breakman, whose business it was to knead it, by riding or jumping, with what is termed a break-staff, upon the dough. When sufficiently kneaded, it was taken to the moulding-board, (a strong wooden table,) where it was in the first place cut into slips, then divided into lumps, sufficiently large to form the biscuit, then moulded by the hands into its circular shape, and afterwards *docked*, that is, pierced full of holes by an instrument called a docker: this latter part of the process on the moulding-board was executed by the whole of the gang together. The oven being raised to a proper degree of heat, the biscuits were pitched in by the joint assistance of the furner, mate, and idleman. The gang thus produced one hundred pounds' weight of biscuit in thirty-six minutes, including the time occupied in baking, on an average fifteen minutes.

The nine ovens, therefore, of the bakehouse of the Royal Clarence Yard required the labour of forty-five individuals to keep them in full operation, and produced about fourteen hundred-weight of biscuit per hour, at a cost for labour and utensils of nineteen pence per cwt.

The general superiority of machinery, when applied to a suitable object, over manual labour, is peculiarly evident in the manufacture of biscuit. The processes on which the good quality of the biscuit mainly depends are, the thorough kneading of the dough, and its division afterwards into portions of equal size and thickness. If the meal be not equally mixed with the water, some portions of the biscuit will be more wet than others, and will consequently require more baking than the dry parts; one of two results must inevitably follow,—the dry parts will be over-baked, perhaps burnt up, or the moist parts will remain unbaked, and become what is usually termed *hard*, or *flinty*. The same consequence must attend the division of the dough into biscuits of unequal thickness, or into biscuits of which every part is not equally thick; if the thin biscuits are not over-baked, the thicker must be under-baked, and the thin parts of a badly-moulded biscuit will *perish* from the action of the fire, whilst its thick part is converted into *flint*.

The prevalence of *flint* in ship-biscuit is well known, though the cause of it has not been so generally understood; its origin, however, is sufficiently obvious, and is neither more nor less than that just pointed out.

The first process in the manufacture of biscuit by machinery is the mixture of the meal and water. The meal is conveyed into a cylinder, four feet six inches long, by three feet two inches diameter, and the water from a cistern, fitted at the back of the cylinder, containing the exact quantity of water (and which is regulated by a guage,) required for mixing the meal. Through the centre of the cylinder is fitted a shaft, armed with knives, which works horizontally. The shaft being set in motion, the knives turn round through the meal and water. For the first thirty seconds, very little amalgamation of the meal and water appears to take place, but after that period the dough begins to assume a consistency, and in the short space of two minutes from the machine being set in motion, it will produce five hundred-weight of dough completely manufactured.

The cylinder is so constructed, that the lower half is easily separated from the upper sides, thereby forming a trough containing the new-made dough, from which it is easily removed, and placed under the breaking-rollers, to undergo the second operation, that of kneading. These breaking-rollers, two in number, weigh fifteen hundred each, and are driven from off a two-throw crank-shaft, by means of connecting-rods and pendulums—they pass backwards and forwards over the dough during the space of five minutes, when the five hundred-weight of dough is brought into a solid, perfect, and equal consistency. From the breaking-rollers the dough is cut into pieces, eighteen inches square, and placed on boards, six feet long by three feet wide, and which are conveyed by means of a line of friction-rollers, connected by an endless chain under a second set of rollers, to be rolled to the required thickness of the biscuit. The square of dough, being thus pressed out, covers the surface of the board on which it is carried under the cutting and stamping plate: this is constructed with mathematical precision, and at the same moment cuts and stamps, or *docks*, the sheet of dough into forty-two six-sided biscuits, which, being now complete, are immediately conveyed to the oven on carriages constructed for the purpose.

There are now standing in the bakehouse at Gosport, one mixing-machine, two breaking-rollers, four sheet-rollers, and four stampers. It was calculated that this machinery would require eight men and eight boys to supply the nine ovens in the Royal Clarence Yard, and that the produce would be ten thousand biscuits, or one ton of bread per hour, at a cost for labour, and including all other incidental expenses, of five-pence farthing per cwt.

Such, however, is the facility which results from practice, and such the improvements which experience and reflection suggest, that the machinery has proved so much more powerful in use than in theory, that one half of it is now found amply sufficient to keep the nine ovens in constant operation. In other words, there is already sufficient machinery in the bakehouse at Gosport to supply eighteen ovens, should it ever be found advisable to enlarge the bakehouse to that extent.

It is no unimportant feature in the history of this machinery, that furners (the individuals who have charge of heating as well as the management of the oven,) are the only tradesmen who will in future be required for the manufacture of navy-biscuit, ordinary labourers and boys being equal to every other part of the work. This advantage can only be fully appreciated by those who have the means of knowing the difficulty of supplying the navy in time of war with biscuit, and the high rate of wages demanded by the biscuit-bakers.

Notwithstanding the government bakehouses were kept continually at work during the late war, often with double gangs of workmen, the supply of biscuit was yet so vastly short of the demand, that it was necessary to have recourse to contractors to furnish the additional quantity required; and so urgent the wants of the shipping sometimes were, that bread brought to the victualling department in waggons, was received in the street, and sent off from the spot immediately.

It is scarcely possible to conceive the saving that would result in a time of war. The bakehouses at Deptford, Gosport, and Plymouth, would then, of course, be in full and constant operation; and, estimating their capabilities of production as equal only to what can now be produced at Gosport in *eight* hours' work per diem, seven thousand three hundred and fifty-four tons of biscuit would be annually made in the three establishments.

If this quantity had to be made by hand, the price paid for labour and utensils, being nineteen-pence per hundred-weight, would amount to the sum of eleven thousand six hundred and forty-three pounds.

The machinery manufactures at five-pence farthing per cwt., which sum includes ten per cent. for wear and tear, and all other expenses attendant on the process; therefore, the same quantity of biscuit would be produced for the sum of three thousand two hundred and seventeen pounds, showing a net saving of eight thousand four hundred and twenty-six pounds.

THAT eye which is never closed, that thought which is never intermitted, that power which never rests; but, engaged in incessant action, and employing infinite hosts of under agents to effect his purposes, sees and provides for the wants of the whole creation; the plant absorbs from the soil, the animal, after devouring the plant, or the plant-fed creature, returns to the earth what the plant had absorbed, and so maintains the proper equilibrium. He who numbers the hairs of our head, numbers the workmen that he employs, employing them only in such proportions so distributed, as may best accomplish His purposes.

SINS OF THE FLESH.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

SIR,—You had some remarks lately on the prevalence of sins of the flesh, in the present state of English society; remarks with which I should expect any one, not himself sensual or unprincipled, perfectly to coincide. You proposed petitions to Parliament, that it might legislate for their prevention. I should rejoice to see your proposal fulfilled, for preaching is vainly addressed to the licentious: they are deaf, because they are worldly. But as they are worldly, as they are soft, luxurious, and self-indulgent, they are more alive to impressions from without, than to exhortations from within; to the shame of men, than to the sense of duty; to the privation of pleasure, than to the peace of integrity; to temporal less than to future judgment. Therefore it were most desirable for the secular power to second the ecclesiastical. There is little use in moral teaching; for besides their inward hardness, the licentious, least of all, frequent the church, or read books which might make them wise. Would at least as much as this might be done, in cases of criminal conversation—imprisonment or transportation were inflicted on the guilty parties; since to be stoned, hung, or beheaded, seems too much to demand in these days of lenity towards man, but irreverence towards God. Lords and monied men would feel these; lords and monied men who make sport of paying a few hundred pounds, or who exult the more in the retrospect of their crime as it was dearly purchased. Undoubtedly, imprisoned, they should be kept to prison diet; they should be treated as poor adulterers would be treated; undoubtedly, because fasting is a direct remedy for sensuality. Thus, as birds that will not sing, must be made to sing, they might be taught the usefulness of that remedy, which now they have no notion of employing, but on the contrary, cherish their lust by every aid of wine, luxury, and excitement. If the judges also, in such cases, would strenuously reprove the sensualist, and not only pass sentence on him; reprove him, if not for his own sake, for the sake of hearers or readers of the trial; it might do something to promote morality. And should sin of this description come out collaterally in the course of other trials, surely they might condemn it, as was done by the judge at the trial of Good, who pointed out the connexion of the murder with that individual's habits of licentiousness; and as might have been done lately at the trial of Tawell, who indeed slew the woman to save his money, but whose mind, it is probable, was first depraved by his sensuality, so that next he became covetous, and then a murderer. Trials of a criminal or tragical nature are the literary food of sensualists: these then are opportunities to administer such diet as may benefit their moral constitutions, after the image of Lucretius:—

—— "Veluti pueris absinthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,
Ut puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur
Labrorum tenus, interea perpotet amarum
Absinthî laticem, deceptaque non capiatur,
Sed potius tali facto recreata valescat."

Alas, Sir, moral teachers need helps of this nature, for in the current literature they have none, and Scripture is disregarded, although it is a message from God. Sensualists never read it, or never unless by compulsion, as to prepare for an examination. What do novels, what do poets in general, but directly or indirectly cherish the sensual propensity? The most innocent talk perpetually of love, for, as is said in Hudibras,

—— "what else
Is in them all but love and battels?"

so as perpetually to excite the imagination; so that some of their readers become sensual; others, as the fair, who cannot obtain the gratification of their passions, miserable. Love, love! surely we have enough of love in us, not to need to have it stimulated. Scripture therefore, instead of bringing poetry to the aid of a passion already sufficiently uncontrollable, instead of stimulating the imagination by depicting scenes which it does not condemn, calls things by their right names, and fixes the attention, not on the pleasure, but on the duty, not on the reward of iniquity, but on the punishment of sin. Scripture sings no songs to make us as fed horses. Scripture stories are the deluge; or the destruction of Sodom and the cities of the plain by fire from the Lord out of heaven; or the massacre of the Shechemites; or Phinehas and the javelin; or four and twenty thousand Israelites felled in one day; or the almost total extirpation of one of the twelve tribes, Benjamin: and some of these tremendous visitations for individual sins.

Let me point out some of the evils of this sin. It disqualifies for the duty of parents, since while it diminishes the blessing attendant on the sacrament of Matrimony, how shall he teach his children who never taught himself? He who has conquered himself will expect his child to conquer: he who knows how he conquered, will be able and earnest to teach his children how. Otherwise he will be likely to speak of human nature, and youth, and use the like worldly language; if he will not go farther, and like his son all the more for his evidence of spirit, for his exemplification that he has inherited the vices of his father.

It prevents alms. Alms should be inculcated on the young, as well as on mature men; because they would not only be the fulfilment of a duty; not only bring a blessing on their substance, their occupations, and their faculties; not only give them boldness in the Judgment, after the scene in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew: but divert superfluous income from being spent on improper objects. But he who spends on harlots, horses, theatres, and wine, will have enough to do with his money, without laying out any of it on Him who supplicates in His poor. Sufficient and disinterested almsgiving, which, to be not more than Jewish, should be at least a tenth of all we receive, would promote humility of mind and other spiritual improvement, as one virtue is connected with another: whereas he who is licentious, is very likely to be covetous or discontented, like Catiline, who was "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*," greedy of estate that he might have to lay it out on his prostitutes or associates, on Cethegus or Sempronia.

The connexion of this sin with subsequent or co-existent iniquity is not sufficiently considered. Satan, when he has got the body subject, is like the Lacedæmonians in possession of Decelea. He has a stronghold within the principal territories of him whose ruin he is seeking to effect. Let me be allowed to speak here at a little length. God will give such as conquer their vile affections, as purify their desires and direct them to what is lawful, comfort, ghostly strength, inward resolution, discernment of duty, abhorrence of iniquity, right at once and wisdom to reprove, conviction of being of Christ's true soldiers, hope towards God. Christian manliness, spiritual wisdom, are not to be had on lower terms than the

* The prevalence of sensualism since the Reformation has often been remarked. How can we expect a nation to be earnest in *Faith* or to aspire after Unity which is steeped in this vice? Slightly, but very powerfully, the writer of the above letter has touched on the evil consequences of impurity.

denial of what is wrong in us. Improvement is not more to be made in religion than in other matters without labour, without hardness. Since the Fall, it has become necessary to sweat, that the ground, whether of the soul or of the earth, may yield. In the soul continually spring up thorns and thistles, necessary ever to be eradicated, giving constant employment. Our Saviour has set us a light yoke, but he calls it a yoke: it is light, yet a yoke: there is toil, yet there is refreshment. Were it enjoyment without labour, we should be sure to turn it into evil. So that the young also must be content to endure something, since toil and endurance are the law of the Gospel. Yet what have the young much more to do, which is pure self-denial, than to keep a clean heart? This is the key to all their other improvement, as the contrary is to open the gate to the ingress of all iniquity. What have they much else to do? They have good spirits to carry them through anything, to dispel enmity to others, and to make them regard everything in a sanguine view: they have not learnt to be covetous: they are not bitter or malevolent: they have a high relish of what is beautiful or new. In other respects they are happy in indulging their innocent tendencies, for many of their tendencies are so; but here they must deny themselves, perhaps, as they think, a great diminution of their enjoyments; they must beware of all lewdness. Let them do so, and leave their self-denial to have its good effects, as, beyond doubt, it will have many. Of these some were mentioned above: let me mention some of the evil effects which may be traced to youthful indulgence. Ill effects in later life may flow from the sins of youth in a way that we are not at all aware of; as, neglect of prayer, contempt of parents, pastors, betters; intemperance, fierceness, pride, vanity, envy, discontent, misery of mind, delusion of judgment, worldliness, and even total unbelief. Only think that a young man should be drawn, not merely to neglect prayer and Church, but to disbelieve the truths of Christianity, the death of Christ, the help of the Spirit, the eternity of punishment, the ever present government of God! so it may be, for we can never answer for ourselves, not more than Tawell, when we have surrendered ourselves to wilful sin. I see a man, a careless, bold, heady Christian, in later life: now if I know him to have been wild in his youth, I am able easily to account for his state of mind and spirit. Or take this view of the case: he who now allows himself in one sin, will hereafter be more open to another, because he has lessened the hold of duty on his mind; he has divided, he has enfeebled his inward strength. Vices there are to which we are more liable one time of life than another; thus, looseness is considered the sin of youth, ambition of manhood, covetousness of age: but the hold of these upon us depends not so much on their peculiar attractiveness, as the condition of the soul. He who has a sturdy soul, a soul hardened by self-denial and perseverance, cannot be wounded by them, though he may be tempted; but he who has not bent himself to discharge his duty to God and man when he was young, is less likely to do so when he is old, because his mind is grown stiff in the wrong direction.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."

He who was wild in youth, is likely, though his wildness, strictly so called, has ceased with his violence of appetite, to be a ready prey to the temptations of his later life, though temptations of a kind quite different from those of his early years. Kinds of sin differ, but they all partake of characteristic likeness, as they are sin. He, therefore, who is now impure, disables himself for doing God's will in some other respect, when his impurity has subsided. Acts of sin, therefore, of whatever kind, are not to be regarded only as such, and therefore meriting punishment, and needing repentance, but in their consequences as inducing other sin, loosening and weakening the soul, as well as defiling it. This is a consideration, I am aware, not likely to weigh much on the minds of the young, who are destitute of experience; but it is proper to be placed before those who have influence over them, and who should therefore warn them against the beginnings of iniquity. Break down the floodgate, and you may overflow the field.

I am, &c.

NEMESIS.

LIGHTING OF LAMPS.

"And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it; a perpetual incense before the Lord, throughout your generations."

Now the stars are lit in heaven,
We must light our lamps on earth:
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth:
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal Saint.

Mark the hour, and turn this way,
Sons of Israel, far and near!
Wearied with the world's dim day,
Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light!

With sweet oil-drops in his hour
Feed the branch of many lights,
Token of protecting power,
Pledg'd to faithful Israelites,
Emblem of th' anointed home,
When the glory deigns to come.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
Sons of Aaron! serve in fear—
Deadly is th' Avenger's aim,
Should th' unhallowed enter here;
Keen his fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil—
He who comes in Heaven's attire,
Morn by morn, with holy oil;
Eve by eve, with holy fire!
Pray!—your prayer will be allowed,
Mingling with His incense cloud!

Lyra Apostolica.

MEN of *splendid* talents are generally too quick, too volatile, too adventurous, and too unstable to be much relied on; whereas men of *common* abilities, in a regular plodding routine of business, act with more regularity and greater certainty. Men of the best intellectual abilities are apt to strike off suddenly, like the tangent of a circle, and cannot be brought into their orbits by attraction or gravity—they often act with such eccentricity, as to be lost in the vortex of their own reveries. Brilliant talents in general are like the *ignes fatui;* they excite wonder, but often mislead. They are not, however, without their use; like the fire from the flint, once produced, it may be converted, by solid thinking men, to very salutary and noble purposes.

Ad Majorem Dei Deiparæque gloriam.

THE ANGEL OF CONSOLATION.

BY CANON SCHMID.

(Continued from page 375.)

CHAPTER III.

PRAYER, THE CHIEF CONSOLATION OF THE AFFLICTED.

They soon arrived at the cottage, and little James eagerly opened the door. The poor family were finishing their prayers, and, fearing Roger's return, rose in a moment.

"Pray, my good friends," said Madame Marcet, who was deeply moved by so touching a sight;—"prayer is the only consolation of the wretched. I find every day that the afflicted soul finds peace and repose only in union with God."

The presence of Madame Marcet in the cottage at a moment when they expected the arrival of Roger, made a lively impression on Angelica. She had been praying with fervour—she had been offering up for the welfare of her husband all her sufferings, as well as those of her mother and children; and it appeared as if Heaven, favourable to her prayers, had heard her supplications, and sent her an angel of consolation.

"Oh, my good lady," said she, "if the Lord had not sustained us, what would have become of us? We pray to him every day, and he grants us strength to support our trials."

"I, also, have experienced misfortune, though of a different nature to yours: I have tasted of every consolation that man can offer, and they have always failed me in need and in trouble. But when I placed my trust in Divine Providence, I have always felt my peace of mind redawn upon me. Never, therefore, my friends, neglect to confide in the Lord. Think on him in your sufferings:—pray to him, as you are now doing altogether, and God will hear you—God will bless you. I have seen in the world magnificent feasts and brilliant assemblies, but nothing ever appeared to me superior to a poor family praying with faith and resignation. Ah! how the Lord will cast upon this cottage looks of complacency and of tenderness. Continue, my friends, to draw down upon yourselves the graces of Heaven. As to myself, I will endeavour to accomplish the designs of Providence, by alleviating your sorrows, and profiting by your example. I will learn from you, to conform my will to that of Almighty God."

Whilst Madame Marcet was speaking these words, all the family listened with the deepest silence. Every word was a balm for Angelica. She could have wished to speak in her turn, but she dared not express all that she felt, nor impart all that she hoped for.

Old Margaret did not feel the same impressions as her daughter. For a long time she had allowed her life to be too much embittered by chagrin; and she cherished in her breast the most deep-rooted enmity to Roger. She, therefore, lost the merit of her sufferings; and although she would not, for all the world, fail in her accustomed prayers, yet she did not reap the same fruits, because she neglected the essential dispositions; and whilst she repeated every day, "Forgive *us our* trespasses, *as we* forgive *them* that trespass against *us*," she allowed the seeds of hatred to spring up, and take deep root in her heart.

Madame Marcet approached the bed of the infirm old woman: "And you, Margaret," said she, with a smile, "do you find your bed a little more comfortable?"

"May Heaven," replied Margaret, seizing the hand of her benefactress, and kissing it with respect, "may Heaven grant you the reward of your goodness! Yes, Madame, I am better, much better, and it is to you I owe it."

"You owe me little, good woman. I am fully repaid by the pleasure I feel in being able to assist you; and I shall be yet more happy can I rescue you entirely from your misery."

"Ah, lady, there is one obstacle to our happiness, and it is not in your power to obviate that.—Roger, the husband of my child, the father of these children, will ever draw upon us misery."

"Mother, he can be corrected," said Angelica, trembling; "we may expect everything from Providence, who has done so much for us."

"No, my daughter, he will never change; Roger is too deeply criminal. He gives himself to every excess, and becomes yet more brutish every day."

"Can we not," said Madame Marcet, "recal him to his duty, and gain him to acknowledge his faults, and to address himself to God?"

"He never prays; his mouth is never opened but to blaspheme. No, Angelica, do not deceive yourself, you can hope for nothing from Roger. When a man scoffs at religion, when he outrages old age, when he insults the virtue of his wife, and the innocence of his children, he deserves nothing but the maledictions of God and of man. Roger," added Margaret, assuming a solemn tone, "thou shalt not be the cause of misery with impunity—thou shalt feel one day of what force is the indignation of an outraged mother, and may thy punishment"—

"Mother," cried Angelica, throwing herself at the foot of Margaret's bed, "mother, curse not Roger;" and her tears overpowered her. Annette and James joined their hands in supplication, and the two younger children, seeing the tears of their mother, raised their plaintive cries.

"Be calm, Margaret," said Madame Marcet, "increase not your daughter's grief by sentiments of which the Lord does not approve. Do you not experience sufficient evils without augmenting them yourself? God has now tried you a long time: it is, perhaps, because you do not receive your crosses with sufficient submission. Impatience has never cured any misfortune; it only renders it more sensible, more insupportable, and it deprives us of all the merit of our sufferings. Roger is guilty, very guilty,

but the Divine mercy is greater than his crimes; and it is not by exasperating him, that you will prepare for his conversion. Pray, Margaret, pray for him who persecutes you, and your Heavenly Father will lend a gracious ear, and will grant them. What would become of you, if you should abandon yourself to despair? What would become of the good Angelica, if, instead of bearing with patience the vices of her husband, she were to irritate and provoke him? This cottage, instead of attracting the eyes of angels, would become a foretaste of hell. These innocent creatures, instead of following the good example given by their mother, would soon become like him who gave them life. Believe me, Margaret, and lose not the fruit which you may gather from your trials. It is the interest I take in your situation, that induces me to speak in these terms; and if my years should seem not to authorize my giving advice to old age, pardon me, in consideration of my desire to contribute to your happiness."

"Pardon you, Madam? Is it not rather my duty to ask your pardon? I feel that it would be better for me, were I to be patient and resigned: but if you knew all I have to suffer.—Know, lady, that I may not open my mouth without being brutally outraged—that the hand of my son-in-law is often raised to strike me—and my daughter, my poor daughter, who can recal to mind, without complaint, the undeserved treatment of which she is the object. I have forgotten all, and may Heaven grant him pardon, as I do.

"Oh, my good Angelica! come to my arms, admirable daughter! How can you show such courage, such goodness? How far am I from imitating your example!"

The spouse of Roger, bending over the bed of her mother, embraced her tenderly. Madame Marcet could no longer support so affecting a spectacle. Never had she seen so much misery with so much virtue—so great misfortune and so great a resignation. "Farewell, my friends," said she, endeavouring to hide her sensibility, "I hope to revisit you to-morrow, and Virginia shall come with me." She then went away, leaving on the table a piece of money of the value of five francs.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUL IN AFFLICTION FINDS CONSOLATION IN DOING GOOD.

Whilst Madame Marcet returned to her house, a crowd of reflections passed in succession through her mind. She admired the designs of Providence, and the force which the succour of heaven can give to a weak and wretched woman, and to what a degree of perfection the soul may arrive which submits with resignation and confidence to trials which her Lord may send her.

How blind is the world, when it would seek in itself consolation for the afflictions of life! Angelica, without parents, without friends, without riches, without repose, found consolation in heaven; her misery is beyond expression, and yet every day she blesses Providence for it.

Take away religion from this unfortunate woman, and nothing could stay her in the course of her despair. Her husband would seem to her only as a tyrant, her mother as a tedious burthen, her home as a hideous dungeon, her existence as a punishment, too slow in being consummated. We should hear nothing but imprecations and blasphemy. How wretched, then, must those poor be, who rail with curses against heaven, since they take away the greatest, the only alleviation of their sorrows! And what treasures of merit must not those amass, who are animated with the Spirit of God, and so kiss the hand which strikes them, and bless the Lord who sends their trials!

Madame Marcet was engaged with such considerations when she arrived at her own door. Soon Virginia was in her arms, and tenderly reproved her mother for being so long absent. Madame Marcet promised to explain the cause of her stay, "and I am persuaded," added she, "that you will consider me justified in not returning earlier. I will relate all to you, but as it is rather late, we must first have our evening lesson." She rang the bell. Her two domestics entered—old Marian who had nursed her young mistress, and a young woman of twenty-five. Virginia took the book, and the little assembly listened with profound silence. The extract was from a work of M. L. Provana de Collegno, entitled, "Consolations of Religion, on the loss of persons who are dear to us." * * * * * Virginia had finished reading for some time, and Madame Marcet was still listening. Her eyes were filled with tears; she was thinking on her husband and her children, and her grief was most lively: but her tears were without sadness, her grief was sweet and resigned. "Oh, the goodness of my God!" said she, "how great is it! How art Thou able to draw good from evil? When I appeared in the world in the height of my prosperity, my soul was ever restless and troubled, because I kept myself at a distance from Thee. To-day, after the loss of all I held most dear on earth, Thou vouchsafest to assist my weakness, and to grant to my afflicted soul to taste a peace beyond all earthly goods, and of which Thou alone art the author and dispenser. You cannot imagine, my dear Virginia, the impressions I have felt to-day, during my visit to the family of Roger; I have experienced all that you have just read. The sight of that wretched group, the extent of its misery, have made me, for some time, forget my own misfortunes."

Madame Marcet then related in detail, how she had met little James, and how she had visited the cottage, and all the circumstances attending that visit. Virginia could not but admire the good heart of Angelica, and she felt delighted when her mother promised to take her to the family on the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

PATIENCE IS THE BEST REMEDY OF DISSENSIONS IN A FAMILY.

Virginia rose early the next morning, and Madame Marcet consented to begin the day by a visit to Roger. *He*, (having given himself to every excess on the preceding night), was yet sleeping. He was a man of about forty years of age, his features were severe, his beard neglected, and his eyes were black, and marked well his guilty soul. He lay carelessly in his ragged clothes, on a bundle of straw. The timid Virginia, on perceiving him, could not but feel a sensation of terror. She bade the two women "good morning," kissed the two little children, (James and Annette had already gone to their work), and said in a low voice, "Good morning, Roger." He made no reply, but immediately rose.

"I have been to see you, Roger, before this," said Madame Marcet, "and I have regretted not finding you."

"When we have not wherewith to live, we cannot stay in our house with arms crossed."

"You have good reason to work, my friend, for you have to support a numerous family, and one which appears to me in great misery."

"It is not my fault." And without further stay, Roger went out, violently shut the door, and walked off.

"Such is his life," said Margaret; "not a sentence, not a word in the morning, and in the evening injuries and cruel treatment. Yesterday, Madame, your visit, which brought us so great comfort, was also the occasion of my poor daughter's—

"Mother, I pray you mention it not," said Angelica, concealing as well as she could her wounded face.

"Ought not Madame Marcet to know all?" replied Margaret. "The children first perceived the piece of money which you had the goodness to leave on the table. They had never seen so large a piece before, and they were playing with it when Roger entered. Angelica took it from them immediately. Roger perceived the movement, and wished to know what was the matter; my daughter hesitated; her husband like a madman, rushed upon her, threw her on the ground, and reduced her to the state in which you now see her. When he got the piece of money in his hand, he was perfectly transported, and could no longer command himself. He loaded us with reproaches, he accused us of making good cheer in his absence, and of allowing him to want every thing whilst we had money concealed. He maltreated his poor wife to force her to give him every thing else she had, and Angelica was obliged to relate all that had happened. Ah! Madame, if you had witnessed that frightful scene, you would say with me, that Roger was a monster, with whom it is impossible to live, and that to be united with him by the sacred bonds of marriage, is misery beyond all comparison."

During this sad narrative, Virginia had kept her eyes fixed on Angelica. She tenderly gazed upon her face so covered with bruises, and how could she but admire the unalterable patience of that virtuous woman? She approached her, and unable to speak a word, she affectionately took her hand. "My good lady," said Angelica, in a low voice, "now that you know all, do not refuse one favour—pray for my unhappy Roger!" A look from Virginia gave the ill-fated spouse to understand that her pious wish should be complied with.

Margaret had other thoughts. "You know," said she to Madame Marcet, "you know our misfortunes, you see it in its true light, and you will easily agree with me, in saying that all hope of Roger's conversion has passed away." Madame Marcet replied, that certainly she never could have pictured to herself a man capable of such excesses. Margaret, (in consideration of the interest her visitors seemed to take in her happiness), after some hesitation, made bold to ask them to enable her and her family to leave their wretched abode. She anticipated that thus they might live free from Roger's ill-treatment at least. James, she thought, would soon be able, together with Annette, to provide a moderate support. Then, too, this if any thing, might break the stony heart of her son. Perhaps when he found himself deserted, he would return to his duty, and if he did not, he would be a curse to none but himself. "Be, therefore," said she, "our liberatrix! Be our protectress!"

"Mother," replied Angelica, "I know all the evils which you have supported and still continue to support on my account, and to see you suffer so bitterly in the winter of your years, is my greatest and most poignant affliction. But God has united me to Roger, by bonds most sacred, and I can never desert him. My duty requires me to remain with my husband, and death alone shall ever be able to part us."

"Poor child," rejoined Margaret, "your sentiments are excellent, but they are your ruin. Increase not the misery of your mother and your children, with your own."

All her solicitations, however, were fruitless. The wife was constant. She had resisted the tender solicitations of a mother on many occasions, and her heart failed her not now. What would be her life, when unable to see and to cherish her beloved though ungrateful husband? Only a life of misery. Now she had her moments of joy, and in Roger's more peaceful and tender humours, she could experience all the blessings of domestic happiness. Take her away, and her every moment would be gloomy beneath the darkening frown of a God offended at her conduct. "No!" said she, "my hopes are in Providence, and Providence will save us—Providence will rescue from their misery, Roger and his poor family. I am not yet dejected. He is lead away by evil passions, and by bad company: one day, he will return and repair his misconduct."

Admirable spectacle! Picture to yourself, gentle reader, this young, and (as one would imagine) yet in-

experienced female! See how her features attest but too well the brutal treatment of her consort—and oh! ye who are in a like situation, mark how she seeks to excuse and defend her husband, and banishes every thought of seeking peace and tranquillity, when bought at so dear a price as the desertion of him who causes her misery.

"What remedy, then," continued Madame Marcet, "can you employ to put an end to your deplorable condition." "Oh! my good lady, patience and confidence in God. With these, I find myself so happy, that I can never adopt others."

"But," said Margaret, "if you would act more as a superior, you might oblige him to yield."

"God," replied Angelica, stopping her parent, "God is more powerful and discreet than we are! When it shall please Him to put an end to our sufferings, will He not find fitting means to effect His object?"

"You are right," said Madame Marcet, "I cannot too highly approve of your mildness in Roger's regard. It is certainly dreadful for a husband to employ force against a wife whom he has engaged to love and protect. Such inhumanity makes me tremble. But is it not yet more appalling to see a man and a woman, who are united to live in peace and harmony, and to give good example to their children, rush upon each other in a paroxysm of rage, and fight with a fury not surpassed even by brutes the most ferocious? In such a family, peace will never be restored, and their children will end as their parents. But the *patient* wife may always hope for better days. St. Monica had for her husband, Patricius, an idolater, an impious, passionate, and violent man. She supported for many years his outrages, and his ill-treatment; but in the end, by her prayers and tears, she obtained of God the conversion of her spouse. Let us, then, never be disheartened, we will trust in the mercy of Heaven, we will endeavour to recal Roger by doing good to him. He certainly will not always remain insensible."

Before leaving the cottage, Virginia asked permission from her mother to make Angelica a small present. Madame Marcet willingly consented. Her daughter then took a little crucifix, which she generally carried with her, and offered it to Angelica. "Take this," said she, "receive, my good Angelica, this memorial of the tenderest of hearts—it will sweeten your sorrows. When I learnt at school of the bitter loss we had sustained, I gave myself up to grief, yea almost to despair. My good superioress in vain used every means to calm me; but finding all her efforts useless, she said to me with the greatest sweetness, 'My child, go to the chapel, throw yourself at the foot of the cross. There breathe forth your prayers to almighty God, and offer up your sufferings in union with those of Jesus crucified.' I obeyed, my tears flowed in torrents, but there was no longer the same bitter sadness in them. I arose from prayer a changed girl, and I felt myself animated with a constancy, of which I could not have believed myself capable." Angelica kissed the image of her Lord, and burst into tears. How could the tender heart of Virginia support so affecting a scene? She bade a hasty good morning, and walked away with her mother.

A CHILD AT THE GRAVE OF ITS BROTHER.

I WATCHED him sitting on the tomb,
At evening's soothing hour;
The sweetest flowers were in his hand,
Bright with a dewy shower.

He was a lovely little child,
Whose sweetest, only joy,
Was thus to play upon the spot,
Where slept that lovely boy.

His eyes were fixed upon the grave,
That held his brother dear,
His lips were moving as in prayer,
And I saw a silent tear.

"Oh! why, my little brother—speak—
Why hast thou gone away?
No! *I* will never leave thee, dear,
But round thy grave still play.

"How often have we both enjoyed,
To stray thro' yonder glade;
Or, weary, in this wood to sleep,
Secure beneath the shade!

"But now, my brother, thou art gone,
To friends they call more true;
Why didst thou never tell me, dear,
And I had gone there too.

"My mother says that where thou art,
Bright angels you can see—
Oh! ask those little boys to come,
And here to play with me.

"You see what pretty flowers I have,
Then bid them hither hie,
And I will give them brighter ones,
Which sweetly blossom nigh.

"And when we're tired, we'll all sleep there,
Mid roses wild and gay;
And when we wake, we will with joy,
Our Ave Mary say.

"Then come, my brother, back again,
Ask Mary ever dear,
To send her little children down,
To gather flowers here!"

L. D. S. *Spes.*

EVERY one would pursue his own interest, if he knew what it was; and, in fact, every one does pursue it, but the generality totally mistake it. No man would choose riches before happiness, power before quiet, or fame before safety, if he knew the true value of each; no man would prefer the transitory and worthless enjoyment of this world, to the permanent and sublime felicity of a better, if he had a clear prospect of them both; but we see the former through a mist, which always magnifies, and the latter appears at so great a distance, that we scarce see it at all; and therefore it makes little impression upon our senses, and has as little influence on our conduct.

No. 6

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

Sophia.—But we must finish this matter before our brothers' return, for it would be impossible to speak of it in their presence. They would laugh.

F. Th. Well, let us proceed. The second part of meditation is the consideration, which forms, as it were, the main body of this holy exercise. By the name of consideration, called also meditation, we understand a serious and earnest application of the mind to some truth of religion: for instance, the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the last things, the mercy and goodness of God, his benefits, and so forth. To this second part we must endeavour to bring the whole attention of our mind and heart. I say *mind* and *heart*, because we do not intend to consider in a philosophical or theoretical way, but in a spiritual and practical one. Consequently, we must not limit ourselves to the barren consideration of a truth, but we must chiefly apply to it the affections or feelings of our heart; nay, this latter ought to be the most prominent part. The consideration of our mind, let it be well remarked, may be compared to a needle which a tailor uses in sewing; its only use is to prepare the way for the thread, and when the thread is passed, the needle is of no more use, except for other stitches. It is not the needle, but the thread that unites two or more pieces of cloth together; so it is not the consideration but the affections that unite our heart and soul to God. Therefore, as soon as you perceive some strong or tender affections arising in your heart, go no farther with the consideration, but stop there and give full vent to your feelings, either towards God, or towards some other heavenly object. If these emotions or affections last the entire time which you had intended to spend in meditation, very well, you have subject enough not only upon which to occupy yourself, but also for which you should thank almighty God. If, however, these emotions pass quickly away, then return to the needle of another consideration on the same subject. I do not know whether I speak clearly enough for all.

Lucy.—I believe you speak sufficiently clear for those who have a good understanding, but I confess I understand very little about this subject.

Sophia.—I for my part understand it quite well, and you also, Lucy, will understand it better if you apply to this holy exercise of meditation. But now tell me, Father, on what subject do you advise us to fix our attention in meditation, or rather upon what subject ought we to meditate?

F. Th.—Every one is at liberty to choose the subject which is most suitable for him. For my part, however, I should advise you to choose either the four last things, or the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, to use the words of St. Francis of Sales, is the most congenial, the most easy, and the most useful subject for our daily meditations. There are many useful books in which these subjects are laid down in a very good order, being arranged either for every week, for every month, or for the entire year. You may use those which you please. The meditations in the little book called "Think Well On't," are arranged for a month in a very good order, and proposed in a solid manner. You can use it if you like. There are also some books of St. Alphonsus Liguori arranged differently, but every one can use what he pleases. This one thing, however, I would advise you, viz. to fix the subject of meditation beforehand, and not to go at random taking whatever chances to come first, because in this case, you will find by experience, that very often your time will pass away before you have fixed the subject of your meditation; you will be very much distracted, and what is worse in these distractions, you will hardly know how to recollect yourselves, having no fixed subject to which you can recall your attention.

Eliza.—This I think has been the reason of so many distractions that I suffer in time of prayer: but I shall now follow your advice most faithfully. Now tell me what is the method you propose to your novices, I wish to know and to follow it as well as I can.

F. Th.—Oh! my dear, it would be almost impossible for you to follow it, for in our house we have two hours and a half of meditation every day. How could you find so much time?

Eliza.—No matter, but tell us what method they follow?

F. Th.—Well, their method is this: every morning they have an hour's meditation on the Passion of our Lord: every evening, another on some maxim of the Gospel: every midnight, half an hour on any subject they choose. Can you follow it

Eliza.—No, to be sure not: but what they do in a week, we might do in a month. I wish to follow their plan, if you will be so kind as to explain what they do more clearly.

F. Th.—Well, I shall comply most willingly with your request. I teach them to begin on Monday morning, to meditate on the Passion of our Lord: but because the subject is very extensive, they divide it into several points for the entire week. On Monday morning, they take the prayer of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemani; on Tuesday, his capture and his being carried to Annas and Caiphas; on Wednesday, his being carried to Pilot, Herod, &c.; on Thursday, his scourging at the pillar, crowning with thorns, &c.; on Friday, his condemnation and carrying his cross; on Friday evening, his crucifixion and death; on Saturday morning, his being taken down from the cross and burial; on Sunday, his resurrection. Their method in the evenings is as follows: on Monday evening, they meditate on death; Tuesday, on judgment; Wednesday, on hell; Thursday, on heaven; Friday, on the crucifixion, as we have said before; Saturday, on the dolours of the Blessed Virgin; Sunday, on the benefits of God. Now you might, if you please, arrange this matter for two weeks.

After the meditation is over, we must conclude with a little examination on the manner in which we have made it. Oh! here your brothers are coming: we shall again treat of this subject to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

A. M. D. G.

THE HERMITAGE.

(SPENSER.)

A little lovely hermitage it was
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass,
In travel to and fro: a little wide,
There was a holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things at morn and even tide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain rolled forth away.

Arrived there the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse, the evening so they pass;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and popes; and ever more
He strewed an Ave Mary after and before.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 26636 7